

5700

11630. 6. 6
15

21. 6
2
19. 6

ON
LIBERTY:
A
POEM.

[Price Sixpence.]

Handwritten: [Illegible] on [Illegible]
LIBRARY

**OF THE
LIBRARY
OF THE**

**UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
P. O. BOX
M. 100**

BY THE STATIONER

AND

AND

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1871

April 29 1749

Ch 154

ON

LIBERTY

A

P O E M,

Inscribed to his Grace the

CHANCELLOR

And to the

Univerfity of Cambridge,

On occafion of the

P E A C E.

By JOHN BROWN, M. A.

Qualem decet effe Sororem.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. DAVIS againft Grey's-Inn Gate Holbourn.
and fold by M. COOPER in Pater-nofter-Row.

MDCCLXIX.

Bank Coffee House

Longue
J. Smyth
D. Y. Haperton
Sho. Life

ns
®

ON THE
FIFTH
PART

P
O
O
E
M
The
CHANCERY
And to the

University of Cambridge
On occasion of the
P
E
A
C
E

By JOHN BROWN, M.A.
The University of Cambridge

Printed for C. DAVIES, at the Press of the University of Cambridge
and sold by M. C. DAVIES, at the Press of the University of Cambridge
1850





ON
LIBERTY.

CONTENTS.

*Liberty by opening the Powers of the Mind, promotes Truth,
§ 31. Truth and Freedom united promote and establish
Virtue, § 61. Tyranny begets Ignorance and Superstition,
§ 77. Tyranny and Superstition pervert Virtue, and estab-
lish Vice, § 89. Exhortation from these Principles, to the
Encouragement of true Freedom, § 111, &c.*

At length the hostile Din of War is o'er;
The Battle's Thunder shakes the Field no more.
At length with Love and Joy, in Smiles combin'd,
Fair PEACE descends from Heav'n to bless Mankind.
Where bleeding Earth late groan'd with Warriors slain,
She bids the Harvest wave along the Plain:

Where

Where Cities sunk beneath the fiery Storm,
 Lo, at her Voice, Confusion leaps to Form!
 The Village Dance, and courtly Pomp confess

10 Her the sole Source of social Happiness.

No more the Cannon's Rage shall blot the Flood,
 The guilty Wave no more be stain'd with Blood,
 But the glad Sail shall waft the Vessel o'er,
 And ev'ry Nation visit ev'ry Shore:

15 The Blessings of each Clime, each Clime shall gain;
 Nor Ocean spread his mighty Floods in vain.

But chief, the Pride of Peace, shall FREEDOM smile,
 And show'r her Glories o'er BRITANNIA'S Isle:

There, clad in Heav'n's own Lustre, TRUTH shall shine,

20 And call forth VIRTUE's awful Form divine.

Congenial Pow'rs! by native Union sway'd!

I sing your kind, reciprocated Aid.

O PEL-

O PELHAM, Thou, to whom the Fates dispense
 The godlike Pow'r of wide Beneficence;
 25 Deign to the faithful Muse thine Ear to bend:
 The Muse is thine, for she is Freedom's Friend.
 And Ye, the GUARDIANS of celestial Truth,
 Who form the Thought, and strike the Fate of Youth,
 With candid Eye the Poet's Labour view,
 30 Who paints those Precepts which he learnt from You.

First to my Song, majestic *Freedom*, rise;
 And call thy twin-born Sister from the Skies,
 Unspotted *Truth*: For Truth from thee alone,
 While she augments thy Pow'r, receives her own.
 35 Lo, the young Mind, while Things unknown surround,
 In the fond Gaze of ardent Wonder drown'd,
 With native Joy each hidden Cause explores;
 And wakes to Action all her free-born Pow'rs.

On

Where Cities sunk beneath the fiery Storm,
 Lo, at her Voice, Confusion leaps to Form!
 The Village Dance, and courtly Pomp confess

10 Her the sole Source of social Happiness.

No more the Cannon's Rage shall blot the Flood,
 The guilty Wave no more be stain'd with Blood;
 But the glad Sail shall waft the Vessel o'er,
 And ev'ry Nation visit ev'ry Shore:

15 The Blessings of each Clime, each Clime shall gain;
 Nor Ocean spread his mighty Floods in vain.

But chief, the Pride of Peace, shall FREEDOM smile,
 And show'r her Glories o'er BRITANNIA's Isle:
 There, clad in Heav'n's own Lustre, TRUTH shall shine,
 20 And call forth VIRTUE's awful Form divine.
 Congenial Pow'rs! by native Union sway'd!
 I sing your kind, reciprocated Aid.

O PELHAM, Thou, to whom the Fates dispense
 The godlike Pow'r of wide Beneficence;
 25 Deign to the faithful Muse thine Ear to bend:
 The Muse is thine, for she is Freedom's Friend.
 And Ye, the GUARDIANS of celestial Truth,
 Who form the Thought, and strike the Fate of Youth,
 With candid Eye the Poet's Labour view,
 30 Whopaints those Precepts which he learnt from You.

First to my Song, majestic *Freedom*, rise;
 And call thy twin-born Sister from the Skies,
 Unspotted *Truth*: For Truth from thee alone,
 While she augments thy Pow'r, receives her own.
 35 Lo, the young Mind, while Things unknown surround,
 In the fond Gaze of ardent Wonder drown'd,
 With native Joy each hidden Cause explores;
 And wakes to Action all her free-born Pow'rs.

On

On bold, tho' artless Pinion, proud to *know*,
 40 She tempts the Heights above and Depths below;
 And glad thro' wide Creation's Maze to stray,
 Soars to the Founts of intellectual Day.

Hence Knowledge springs: Then swells th' unbid-
 den Heart

With gen'rous Pride, that Knowledge to impart:
 45 The burthen'd Mind impatient burns to pour,
 On each congenial Mind, her gather'd Store:
 New Plans of Thought, united Thoughts inspire;
 And full Collision wakes a brighter Fire.
 The fair progressive Lustre spreading round,
 50 The kindled Soul disdains each narrow Bound;
 Her destin'd Height still eager to possess,
 Labours for Action, Truth, and Happiness.
 What tho' she *rear* the mighty *Pile* with Pain,
 Tho' Reason sometimes urge her *Toil* in vain,

Oft

55 Oft tho' she lose her fair Reward of Praise,
 Oft *sink* beneath the *Weight* she strove to *raise*,
 Another Age shall see, with glad Surprize,
 On Error's *Ruin* Truth's fair *Structure* rise:
Freedom shall join t' explore Heav'n's mighty Plan,
 60 And vanquish'd Nature yield the Palm to Man.

Nor less fair *Truth* and *Liberty* combine
 To warm the Heart with *Virtue's* Flame divine.
 Truth bids the Soul to Scenes of Wonder rise,
 And read her Maker's Image in the Skies:
 65 Points out, thro' Earth below, and Heav'n above,
 Wisdom and Pow'r the Ministers of Love.
 With native Sympathy the Soul elate,
 Sees to admire, admires to imitate.
 Thence Freedom aids the Heart, by Truth refin'd,
 70 To spread her equal Gifts on all Mankind:

Bless'd

B

Whom

Whom Heav'n thought worthy *Being* to possess,
 She greatly thinks is worthy Happiness;
 Instructs the Heart with boundless Love to glow,
 The gentle Eye to melt at human Woe.
 75 Blifs opens round, obedient to her Call:
 And what is *Virtue*, but *what blesses all*?

Far other Fate attends the free-born Mind,
 In the fell Chain of ruffian Pow'r confin'd:
 Where *Tyrant-Rage*, and *Bigot-Frowns* controul
 80 The native Efforts of the struggling Soul.
 Thro' fair Creation's Round tho' Beauty reign;
 For her, Creation's Beauty smiles in vain:
 In vain yon Orbs refulgent roll on high:
 Shut is each Sense, fast-clos'd her ideot Eye.
 85 No more intent to view, or fond to hear,
 Her Wonder sinks to Ign'rance; *that*, to Fear:

Appal'd

Appal'd she starts at ev'ry Pow'r unknown,
Nor dares to search God's Nature, or her own.

Hence *Tyranny* and *Falshood* urge their Art,
90 And blast each *Virtue* op'ning in the Heart:
While their vain Terrors ev'ry Pow'r controul,
Bind Thought in Shackles, and subdue the Soul.
Thus by the Damps of coward *Fear* oppress'd,
The Beam of Love expires within the Breast:
95 Or if rekindled, *Superstition's* Call
Contracts the Ray that Heav'n ordain'd for all:
Impells blind *Virtue*, in her abject State,
To love that Pow'r alone she ought to hate:
To court Oppression, and with mean Disdain
100 To stab kind *Freedom* that wou'd break her Chain.
Hence, in the Breast what Serpent-Monsters rise!
(Perverted *Virtue* is the blackest Vice)

Hence Nature mourns her gentle Whisper scorn'd,
And weeps the Graces into Furies turn'd.

105 Hence Justice drags fair Freedom to her Fate;
And Love destroys beyond the Rage of Hate.

Hence Heav'n-born Charity herself inspires
The ling'ring Rack, and slow-consuming Fires;
Hence teaches in the Breast humane to dwell

110 Remorseless Vengeance, and the Spite of Hell.

O GRANTA, warm for Truth, in Virtue wise,
To Freedom's Aid with gen'rous Ardor rise!
To thy committed Youth the Flame impart,
And shoot the fair Infection through the Heart:
115 To Heav'n obedient, urge the mild Decree,
Which warn'd Mankind, "*that Truth shall make them
free.*"

And prove, by pointing Heav'n's extended Plan,
The Foes of Freedom are the Foes of Man.

Bid

Bid *Britain's* Sons with pitying Scorn behold
 120 Her treach'rous Foes in lurking Treason bold;
 Who wish'd, — yet dar'd not lift the coward Hand,
 When late Rebellion shook th' astonish'd Land;
 Who glad wou'd fix their Idol on the Throne,
 That his unbridled Rage might shield their own;
 125 Who veil th' Oppressor in the Slave's Disguise;
 Willing to fawn, that they may tyrannize:
 Who spurn the Gifts of Peace with vile Disdain,
 Tho' FREEDOM and a PATRIOT-MONARCH reign.
 O bid thy kindling Youth with ravish'd Eyes
 130 See thy bright Train of Bards and Sages rise;
 Thy Patriots, Heroes, who, inspir'd by Thee,
 Or liv'd or dy'd for *Truth* and *Liberty*.
 Thy Pledge of rising Day, see BACON shine;
 And awful NEWTON, Nature's Boast, and *thine*!
 135 Thine moral SPENSER's Heav'n-enkindled Flame:
 And thine the great, long-injur'd MILTON's Name;

With

With Scorn he saw destroying License rise,
 Saw impious Wit caress'd in Wisdom's Guise;
 And firm to Virtue in degen'rate Days,
 140 Prefer'd a World's Reproach to guilty Praise:
 O grateful, twine around his honour'd Brow
 The *Poet's* Laurel, and the *Sage's* too!
 How did thine Eye the gen'rous Sorrow shed,
 When Truth and Freedom in thy RUSSEL bled!
 145 How flow'd thy Joy, when at the destin'd Hour,
 Thy *mitred* Patriots stem'd the Tyrant's Pow'r!
 Nor shalt thou less in virtuous Ardor shine,
 Still fond to call emerging Wisdom thine:
 The first to chase the Gloom, thro' ev'ry Age
 150 Of cloyster'd Ignorance, and monkish Rage;
 From bigot Pow'r can'st boast ERASMUS won,
 And mighty LOCKE thy glad adopted Son,

Rise,

Rise, GRANTA, rise! augment thine awful Train;
 Nor let the great Examples shine in vain.
 155 With thee fair Praise, or black Reproach must dwell,
 The Friend of Heav'n, or Instrument of Hell.
 Shouldst THOU — shouldst ISIS — by your Foes betray'd,
 With foul Defection start from Freedom's Aid;
 Should your polluted Streams (which erst refin'd,
 160 Pour'd Truth and Wisdom on the thirsty Mind)
 O should they, poison'd by fell *Treason's* Hand,
 Diffuse Infection thro' the tainted Land;
 How would expiring *Freedom* curse the Bane,
 And Angels weep their Cares for *Britain* vain!
 165 But if the Muse prophetic may divine,
 A nobler Lot, my GRANTA, shall be thine.
 E'en now her raptur'd Eye, with glad Surprise
 Beholds thy long successive Glories rise:
 Thy Stream, where Heav'n's reflected Image shines,
 170 Brightens by Age, " *and as it runs refines.*"

Fro

From thee the Sage shall catch the piercing Ray,
 And o'er the Depths of Nature spread the Day.
 At thy Command, in deep Attention hung,
 Shall list'ning Senates bless the Patriot's Tongue:
 175 From thee the Patriot's Breast shall catch the Fire,
 Fond for his Country's Freedom to expire.
 Thy future Bards shall rise the Tyrant's Dread,
 And pour the Muse's Thunder on his Head:
 Thy glowing Warriors feel the Wish refin'd,
 180 And teach the deathful Sword to save Mankind:
 Thy Priests, in Hope and Love humanely wise,
 Shall raise fall'n Man, and guide him to the Skies.
 Whilst thou, high-rais'd on *Freedom's* awful Throne,
 Shall justly boast each glorious Toil thine own;
 185 O'er ev'ry Pow'r with sov'reign Eye preside,
 And be **THY GRATEFUL COUNTRY'S JUSTEST PRIDE.**

F I N I S.